

Evening Telegraph

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1864.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Evening Telegraph.
THE MODERN VALETUDINARIAN.

There once was a lady who felt very ill;

So she went to procure an Allopathic pill;

The doctor produced it in his hand,

And said "you can't take that solus."

Said the doctor, "You'll not find out of this shop,

A thing that's so easily to cure the first pop."

"To kill!" said the lady, in great wrath,

And started for some still so wondrously wise,

The world seemed exceeding great to see.

But the lady now said, "I certainly know,

That the smaller the pills, the better they go,

Bu t Doctor, how can you tell?"

"A small pill—without a strown glass!"

"Ah! Madam," exclaimed the great homoeopath,

"I see you have been to some the alooth."

Know that the smaller a thing is in physic,

The greater its power, from an acon to the

The lady now left, but had not gone a square,

When she saw in the street a printed affair;

Nothing less than a paper, signed by Mrs. Ford,

In which Mrs. said she'd been sent by the Lord

Or, not even exceeding a sense of insanity.

The lady took books, as many as twenty,

Eleven city, also, in very great plenty;

But her disease took the liquids and shocking,

So the patient required continual stooling;

The largest and fairest was given Mrs. Ford,

Or, at all, except in a general way,

As the balls arrive from China each day.

Now, the lady has perfect felicity,

Taking a course of mild electricity;

And if she go on with a few systems more,

Although there are still quite a number in store,

I mean if she get through, she may safely tell,

That when she began she must have been too old.

For the Evening Telegraph.

THE BLONDE.

Leave to the harm of the Turk,

The jester eye and skin stains;

Leave to him such dreams of pleasure

Imortal hours without number;

Leave to him such dreams of pleasure

Give to me the love-tormenter—

Give to me the love-tormenter—

Her skin transparent,

Is illumined by the rays,

Of the soul that glows apparent,

As light in abhast vase.

AN EPIC IN IRON.

What Mechanics Have Done for Eng-

land—The Vulcan of Albion.

Samuel Smiles is a most industrious compiler,

and his books, like the tales "Arabian Nights," may add to his name another. In

one of his works, he has given a

recent work entitled "Lives of the Engineers."

He frequently came across the tracks of celebrated

inventors, mechanics, and iron-workers, whose

labor seemed to him well worth of finding some

mention. He has written a history of the

iron trade, published in this country by Ticknor & Fields, under the title "Industrial Biography—Iron Workers and Tool-Makers."

Isceding the biographies with a history of

iron, its relation to civilization and early iron

manufacture in England, he opens the personal

sketches with one of

DUDLEY.

The father of iron-working in England, and the

Chancer of the Iron poets (to use a fanciful

name) who have since made England great. He

was one of eleven illegitimate children, and does

not seem to have had any official document

he speaks of his mother as Elizabeth, daughter

of William Tomlinson, of Dudley, con-

sultant to Edward Long Dudley."

Dudley village was the centre of a manufac-

turing district, and the Earl himself founded

the first iron works in the neighbourhood of his

home. As he grew to be a man he established

iron works of his own. He wrote a treatise on

iron; he built immense furnaces, and became

overwhelmed with debt. He invented an impor-

tant system of iron-making.

In 1665, he sought his fortune on the King's side, and was

captured, stripped almost naked, and in tri-

umph carried up to the gates of Worcester

(which place Dudley had forced for the King),

and put in prison.

A number of other prisoners here, however,

managed to escape in August of the same year.

As he had received a wound in the leg, he had to

stumble across the country on crutches, and thus

reached Bristol. His estate had been confiscated,

but he had a right to one-half of his property.

He sold his half, with profit, and finding a moneyed

partner, built another foundry, and the affair was

well managed by the shrewd master, just

as Maudsley was.

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